

Daddy Hargrove AU by femmesteve

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Summary:

Ficlets from my Daddy Hargrove AU on Tumblr

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Send me prompts for this AU or anything else you want on Tumblr!/: @FemmeSteve

Billy makes sure to pick Steve up from school every afternoon in his favorite car. Billy owned many, but the black one was Steve's favorite. He knew that Steve loved to look over his shoulder at his friends smugly before disappearing into the passenger side of the expensive model.

They'd watch in awe, talking amongst each other. Who was the stranger in sunglasses driving that kick ass car? Steve's dad? It was well known that their family was loaded. A family friend? Rich people have rich friends, right?

They were all wrong.

Billy would take Steve to the house that he was living in while he stayed in Hawkins for his work. It was huge. Even for Hawkins. It was also temporary. Steve knew that when he graduated and Billy was finished in Indiana they would be going to California together, where Billy really lived.

Steve would do his homework in Billy's study, off to the side so as not to disturb the man.

"I do important work, baby, you gotta stay quiet," Billy had told him before.

Steve often crawled into Billy's lap quietly when he was done with his homework, leaving his book bag and papers in a heap on the leather couch. He'd watch Billy do his own work, eyes following his big hands as he signed things. He loved Billy's hands. Loved to feel his rough palms on his face, his thick fingers in his mouth.

Steve was spoiled. Completely ruined by Billy's constant attention and flowing money. He would give Steve anything he asked for and

more. Nobody ever questioned his new things. They thought it was his family's money. What they didn't know was that Billy could buy his father and mother ten times over if he chose to. He told Steve that every day, because he knew that Steve loved to hear it. It was evident that Steve resented his parents. Especially his dad.

But, Billy was the only daddy that he needed, really.

2. Chapter 2

It was dark beneath Billy's large desk. Steve sat on his knees with his cheek against Billy's clothed thigh. He rubbed his face against it softly, thinking about how expensive the pants alone must have been. A shudder ran through him at the thought of messing them up. Of getting punished for doing so.

Billy allowed Steve to sit at his feet while he worked because Steve liked it. He liked to be shrouded in the dark and close to his lover, listening to the sound of the pen as it wrote on top of the desk.

Billy had pulled Steve out of school early that day because Steve had called him,

"Daddy, I feel ill," He had said, making direct eye contact with the high school secretary. She had given him an odd look. He was eighteen and calling his father daddy? He smirked in response to the look. His father was lucky if Steve called him by his first name.

So, there Steve was at Billy's feet, cuddling up to his leg and running his finger along the seam of his pants. Steve kicked his lips and let his hand fall into his own lap, idly massaging his clothed cock. The fabric of Billy's pants felt good against his cheek. It was rough, but fine.

"Daddy," Steve said softly to get Billy's attention.

"Yes?" Billy responded, pushing his chair back a bit so that he could look at Steve, "Are you feeling bad again?"

Steve shook his head and nuzzled his face into Billy's thigh again, his hand creeping along Billy's leg until it brushed against his crotch.

"Want you," Steve responded, pushing the words out like a deep sigh. As though they troubled him to say.

Billy touched Steve's face softly, before sliding his thumb across his lips. Steve licked softly at the pad, his eyes fluttering closed. Billy swallowed hard on a groan, pulling his hand away.

"You want daddy in your mouth?" Billy asked, already kneading his

growing erection through his pants. Steve's eyes followed the movement hungrily.

Steve nodded, already opening his mouth expectantly. He moved closer, sliding his hands up Billy's thighs in a slow movement. Billy worked to free his cock, watching as Steve touched his upper lip with his tongue. His cock grew harder at the sight. He'd kill for that pretty mouth, he thought.

Steve moaned happily as Billy guided his cock past his lips. He took as much as he could inside, sliding the tight ring of his mouth down as far as he could in order to please the man. Billy looked to his abandoned work and back down to the mess of brown hair in his lap. It could wait.

Billy groaned as Steve sucked at his length greedily, grasping the shaft and lathing his tongue against the tip. Steve's face was a perfect picture of ecstasy, and Billy had never in his life met anyone that happy to have a dick in his mouth. His Steve was special.

Steve's hands fell into his lap, where he immediately unzipped his jeans and pulled his cock free. His breath was warm against Billy's slick cock as he panted, squeezing his dick so he didn't come too soon. Billy grasped his hair and pulled him closer again, pressing Steve's cheek to his length until he opened his mouth again.

"Such a good boy for daddy," Billy praised as Steve started to bob his head again.

Steve whined through his nose, spit dripping down his chin. He was fumbling with his own aching cock, trying to get friction from his mostly dry palm. Billy felt so good and heavy on his tongue, thick and pulsing and Steve was an addict.

"Yeah, almost.. Keep sucking, baby, you look like an angel with that big dick in your mouth," Billy was saying, guiding Steve up and down his shaft using his hair.

Steve's jaw ached almost as much as his cock by then, but he was a trooper. He wanted Billy to shoot in his mouth, wanted to feel it hit the back of his throat. He moaned and let Billy fuck his mouth how

he pleased, pulling clumsily on his own cock with every forceful movement.

Steve came with a garbled cry around Billy's cock, coating his hand and a part of his shirt with his jizz. Billy didn't even bother mourning the expensive top, too lost in the wet heat of Steve's mouth. He felt Steve go a little slack jawed through the intensity of his orgasm, but it didn't matter.

"Better swallow it all for daddy," Billy managed to grunt before he came, groaning loudly and arching into Steve's mouth.

It slid from Steve's mouth in thick drips, mixing with the spit on his chin crudely. Billy thought it was gorgeous.

Steve wiped his mouth and then his eyes where tears had gathered using his soiled shirt.

"I'm sorry about my shirt, daddy," He sniffed.

"Don't worry about it, baby," Billy said, taking tissues from his desk and wiping at Steve's chin.

Steve didn't bother to tuck his softened cock away. He fell against Billy's leg and closed his eyes, lulled by the smell of sex and the darkness around him.

3. Chapter 3

Summary for the Chapter:

How did they meet?

It had been at a party.

A stupid, business party that his parents had dragged him to. They had made him dress nice and his mom insisted on doing his hair for him. He hated how it looked once she was finished, but she swatted his hand away each time he reached to fix it himself.

Steve had snuck away from his parents five minutes in, and had swiped a couple glasses of champagne around the thirty minute mark. He was on his third when he met Mr. Hargrove.

“You look a little young to be drinking,” The man had said with a teasing glint to his blue eyes.

Steve felt himself flush all over. The man was handsome, with stylishly cut hair and a fitted suit. His watch was platinum, and it glinted when he reached to shake Steve’s hand.

“I’m Steve,” Steve said dumbly, “Harrington,” He remembered to add last minute.

The man had smiled and nodded, “Yes. I believe I’ve met your father once or twice. My name is William Hargrove,” He said.

Steve had never heard of him. He didn’t say that. Instead, he followed Mr. Hargrove around for the rest of the night, answering all of his questions about school and his friends, anything the man wanted. Nothing about it felt out of the ordinary, until Steve found himself alone in a room with the man. They had wandered away from the party and into a study somewhere.

“Steven, I have a preposition for you,” Mr. Hargrove had said.

Steve blinked, “What is it?”

The man was amused by Steve's naivety. It was incredibly endearing.

"I'd like to take care of you," He said, watching Steve's face as he frowned in confusion, "You won't need a job anymore, as long as you let me take you out every once in a while."

Steve could have laughed, "You want to be my sugar daddy?"

"For lack of a better term, yes," Mr. Hargrove responded coolly.

Steve pursed his lips. He was quite tipsy, but the offer sounded good. He scrawled his home phone number down on a piece of paper and gave it to the man, instructing him when not to call, and when to call. He'd hate for his mom or dad to pick up.

Steve parted from the man a little reluctantly after that, rejoining his parents. Mr. Hargrove gave him a small smile as he watched the boy duck into his father's expensive car.

He couldn't wait to show Steve his own collection of expensive cars.

4. Chapter 4

Steve had been spoiled by his parents ever since he had been old enough to get out the words “I want.” He had never really needed Billy to come into his life. He did anyway.

Steve had never really needed Billy to buy him his first designer watch, but he did anyway. Nor had he needed a whole new wardrobe, but he got that too. Billy often gave Steve things that he didn't need without thinking twice about it.

“What matters is that you want it, hm?” Billy would say, “Life is short, Steven.”

That's what Steve had in mind when he asked Billy to take him to bed. The man was reluctant, of course. Steve was just young enough to be his son. However, Billy decided to take his own advice. He had wanted Steve quite badly.

It had been Steve's first time with a man, and Billy had made damn sure to blow Steve's mind with his tongue and fingers. Steve had been blown away by his orgasm, muttering about how different it felt. Such as, how Billy's hands were big and rough compared to the dainty hands of girls. It was amusing.

The longer their relationship went on, the more Steve fell for Billy. Not because he was good in bed, or could buy Steve whatever he wanted, but because Billy had concrete plans that included Steve. Didn't that mean the man cared for him? He thought so.

5. Chapter 5

Summary for the Chapter:

Daddy has to punish his boy.

Steve called Billy at one in the morning. When he picked up, he could barely understand a word that Steve was saying. Music blared loudly in the background, and Steve was slurring his speech. He would try and get a sentence out, only to giggle at something someone who was with him had said.

“Who are you with?” Billy asked, impatient and admittedly quite angry.

“Guy from school,” Steve responded. There was an air of defiance to his voice that made Billy’s fingers twitch around the phone.

“You didn’t ask me if you could go to a party, Steve...Do I know this “guy”?”

“Nope,” Steve giggled again.

“Is that your dad?” Someone near Steve asked, “Come show me how to do a keg stand, baby, everyone knows you’re the best.”

“Not my dad,” Steve said without covering the receiver, “Kay, gotta go-“ he paused, “Did you know I’m the keg king?” He asked, but hung up before Billy could respond.

Billy sighed through his nose and set the phone down on its hook. He wasn’t used to Steve acting out like this. Something had to be done about it.

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Billy had planned to talk to Steve about why what he had done was wrong. He was going to explain that it was dangerous for him to be drinking at someone’s house that he didn’t know, how he would appreciate it if Steve would have told him first. He had also planned on calmly asking Steve who the “guy” was that Steve was with, and

why he was so comfortable as to call Steve baby.

His plans changed drastically once he saw Steve the next day.

There was a large, blotchy hickey on Steve's neck, badly concealed by the collar of his shirt. Not only that, but Steve had absolutely no recollection of calling him the night before, so he saw no reason to apologize.

"I don't believe I've ever had to punish you before," Billy mused.

Steve looked at the man with a shrug, "What are you gonna do?" He asked.

"Come with me," Was all Billy said in response.

Steve did as he was told.

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Steve found himself a moment later stripped naked and bent over the bed. He knew what was going to happen. Billy hadn't told him outright, but it was damn obvious.

Billy was going to spank him like a child who had broken a rule.

Billy rubbed the milky skin of Steve's exposed ass, giving the boy a chance to prepare.

"Do you know why you're about to be punished, Steven?" He asked.

Steve rolled his eyes, "Because you're a possessive asshole sometimes, that's why," He huffed.

Billy hummed his discontent and sighed. Steve tensed as he heard the sound of Billy taking his belt off.

"You're not gonna use your hand?" Steve asked, traces of fear noticeable in his voice.

"You've just lost that luxury, I'm afraid," Billy explained.

Steve screamed as Billy landed the first blow. It caught on his right

cheek. The next one landed in the same spot, and Steve felt white hot pain spread down his leg. He jerked a bit, and Billy placed his hands over where Steve's rested on the mattress, keeping him in place.

"Now, count for me," Billy instructed.

Steve did as he was told. He counted up to ten, and then was unable to speak through his tears. Billy began to relent then.

"Now?" Billy spoke, rubbing the abused flesh of Steve's bottom.

"I'm sorry," Steve sobbed, his voice muffled by the mattress.

"Sorry?"

"I'm sorry, daddy!" Steve corrected himself with a loud sniff.

"Good," Billy praised, continuing to rub the reddened flesh.

Billy knew that Steve was a good boy. He'd learn better this way.

Perhaps, he'll think twice next time about letting some greasy high school boy suck on his neck like a leech and call him "baby". The idiot could have raped his poor boy, and Steve would have been defenseless. Drunk and among strangers. It was tasteless and outright stupid.

No, Steve would know better next time. Billy would make sure of that.

6. Chapter 6

Notes for the Chapter:

Send me prompts on Tumblr!!!: @FemmeSteve

At first, Steve didn't think it would be a good idea to take that extra step in his relationship with Billy. It went far beyond the usual gracious kiss on the cheek, or the intimate way that Steve would sometimes hang on Billy's arm at his big business parties. However, just like with everything else in life, Steve began to want more.

Steve wanted to experience what Billy had given countless other partners. He felt entitled to the intimacy of being beneath the man, skin to skin and mingling breath. It was the stuff of his dreams. Billy knew this. Which is why he made Steve wait for so long.

The first gentle press of his fingers against Steve's entrance was alarming to the boy. He worried his lip between his teeth almost painfully as Billy began to work him open. It was only after the second finger was entered and Billy had begun to press against that spot, that Steve began to enjoy himself. He arched his back hard and begun to plead for more, for Billy to make him feel that again. In response, Billy begun to massage that spot with his fingertips until Steve's legs were shaking and fat tears rolled down his rosy cheeks.

"You've never touched yourself here before?" Billy had asked in slight disbelief.

"No!" Steve managed to whimper, pulling at his own hair.

Steve had only ever been with girls, and expected it to remain this way. That was way before he had met Billy and begun to grow curious. He knew from the beginning that Billy would show him many brilliant things. New ways to live. New things to experience.

Billy had slid himself inside of Steve at an agonizingly slow pace. Steve was still tight, even after fingering him open for so long. Billy was a little afraid of hurting him. Steve, however, was impatient. He was eager to feel Billy deep inside of him, pressing hard against that

spot that he enjoyed so much for the man to abuse.

Billy couldn't help but spew praises the entire time he was inside of Steve. He just looked so beautiful, cheeks streaked with tears but still wide and locked with his own. He rolled his hips in such a greedy way, chasing his own pleasure, trying to get Billy as deep as possible. He gasped and moaned, begging for Billy to give him more. Give him everything.

Steve sobbed when he came, his orgasm ripping from him almost violently. He continued to cry out as Billy went on mercilessly, his soft cock twitching in his hand pathetically as he was used. He loved it. He only loved it more when Billy came, sealing their lips together wetly. His lips fell open pliantly for the man's spearing tongue, a moan escaping them. They were so close. Bonded.

Steve whined when Billy tried to pull out.